

# HOIT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

At Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal. is one of the most thorough, careful and practical "Home Schools" to be found on the Pacific Coast. Accredited at State and Stanford Universities. Thorough preparation for business. Send for catalogue. I. A. G. HOIT, Ph. D., Principal. Re-opens Aug. 9th.

# REDUCTION IN BICYCLE PRICES.

It is said that western capitalists are contemplating the organization of a great bicycle company, which hopes to make first-class wheels and sell them at low as \$10. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that the bicycle is a first-class remedy for the stomach, liver and blood, and the price puts it within everybody's reach to be well and strong. For every and age it is a specific.

Groom—A ring round the moon is a sign of rain. Bride (sweetly)—And a ring round a woman's finger is the sign of—Groom—(sadly)—Belief.

# TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package 5c. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Some people feel like spelling Page's name with the letter "P" inserted.

# CIGAR RIBBONS.

A fine collection of cigar ribbons will be sent by enclosing 25 cts. to Globe Cigar Co., 118 1/2 Fulton St., San Francisco, Cal.

I believe my prompt use of Pina's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kan., Dec. 12, '95.

# HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. Wm. & T. A. Wood, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Chas. E. Krieger, Druggist, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials on file.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial box to Dr. J. C. Kline, P. O. Box 500, Arcata, Cal., or Philadelphia, Pa.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

# Victorious

America's Greatest Medicine Conquers Disease and Suffering.

Impure blood is the foe of mankind, the cause and promoter of scrofula, skin diseases, rheumatism, pimples and eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism, dyspepsia, malaria, and that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes these diseases by making the blood rich and pure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine. It is sold for \$1.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

# SAVING GRACE OF A HOBBY.

It Restores Hope and Enthusiasm and Makes Life Worth Living.

"A priceless thing is a hobby. The daily tasks by which hosts of women support life are laborious, barren, almost hopeless. To such ones a hobby may offer the dearest hopes of ultimate freedom from the unrelenting daily task. It will at any rate serve to entertain and give point and flavor to an otherwise blank existence," is the position taken by Carrie E. Garrett discussing "Woman's Dreams and Hobbies" in The Woman's Home Companion.

"Hobbies have the power to concentrate and absorb the scattered energies which might otherwise be expended in purposeless flirtations, building superfluous bonnets, reading cheap sensations, gossiping away precious moments, pecking out our friends' foibles, dissecting our own emotions and wishing vaguely for everything which is attainable. If the hobby did nothing else but prevent these frivolities, it would be a boon to humanity.

"Man found out the value of hobbies long ago. Almost every man who is good for anything has a purpose which he thinks is quite the most magnificent one which a man could pursue. It is no matter whether it is lawmaking, pill-making or shoe-making, he pursues it with absorbing enthusiasm and strives to make the best laws or pills or shoes (as the case may be) to be found anywhere.

"Woman has found that it is not enough to merely look pretty; that love cannot be her 'whole existence' (the poet to the contrary notwithstanding), and that even with the richest plenitude of gowns, jewels and enjoyments life still needs a purpose. If it is at all a respectable purpose and pursued with general zeal, it cannot fail to thrive and increase and bear fruit."

# Cuban Bric-a-brac in Vogue.

Curiosities and bric-a-brac from Cuba are now slowly coming into vogue. Oddly enough, they were quite fashionable 40 and 50 years ago. A favorite and one of the most beautiful objects imaginable is a bunch of crystals from one of the famous caverns in the limestone district. Some of these are as clear as rock crystal, and are not alone many faceted but are often covered in part with masses of large and small crystals of great brilliancy. When the faceting occurs in certain patterns, the crystal has the fire of a precious stone and, in a well lighted parlor will throw colored lights and fires in every direction. Still another beautiful object is a mass of fine form leaf coral, which is found near the keys in the middle and eastern part of the island. Some of this is so delicate that it suggests a petrified cobweb.—Margherita Arlino Hamm in New York Mail and Express.

In ten years the school attendance in Buffalo has more than doubled, although the population has not increased in any such proportion.

# DEAR MADAM:

Your bread needn't smell

of soda or alum or lime.

Schilling's Best baking

powder has no lime or alum

or excess of soda.



# W

HEN Joe Peterman and Polly May got married, was a standing jest in Pineville.

Joe and Polly lived on adjoining five-acre lots, with only a fence between them. It was not a very high fence nor a strong one either, for it was almost rotted down in many places.

It was said that years ago Joe and Polly had been sweethearts, but that they had quarreled about some trifling matter, and that they had not spoken to each other since that day.

Jonessy had just been elected Justice of Pineville, and was looking around to see where the fees of the office were to come from.

As there was nothing for him to do in the office, he thought that it was his duty to go outside of it and hunt up something. In debating the question with himself as to what would be most likely to bring him in a fee, his mind, of course, turned to marriages.

"When Joe Peterman and Polly May got married," he repeated to himself, smiling. "Well, it is a duty I owe to this community to end that quarrel of theirs the first thing, and it is a duty I owe to myself to see that they get married as soon afterward as possible."

So Jonessy took a walk out to Joe Peterman's place, and found the latter at home.

"Joe," he said, after some talk on subjects in general, "I came out to see you on official business."

Joe's eyes flew wide open. "I haven't been doing anything wrong, have I?" he asked, with trembling voice.

The truth was that Joe had thrown a brickbat at Polly's cat the night before, and without really intending to do so, had hit her and knocked her out of his favorite peach tree, and had felt rather mean about it ever since.

"Well, I don't know," Jonessy replied, cautiously, for he could see that Joe had something on his mind, and thought to draw him out. "You see, Joe, the right and the wrong generally depends on the circumstances attending the case."

"That's what I reckoned," said Joe. "You see I saw her coming through the fence, and tried to make her go back."

"And she wouldn't go?"

"No."

"What did you do next?"

"Soon as I spoke she ran up that peach tree, and went to clawing and scratching the bark."

"She did, eh?"

"She did. Then I got mad, like a fool," said Joe, hanging his head. "I picked up a brickbat and threw it at her, and down she came, kicking her legs like drumsticks."

"Didn't she say anything?" asked Jonessy.

"Who?"

"Why, Polly May, of course."

"You didn't think that it was Polly I treated that way, did you?" asked Joe. "No, hardly. But who was it?"

"It was Polly's cat, Jonessy. I thought that perhaps Polly had seen it, and gone to you and entered a complaint against me."

"No, she hasn't done it yet, Joe, but there is no telling how soon she may do so," said Jonessy. Then he added, confidentially, "If I were you I'd go over and see her and settle the whole thing out of court."

After Jonessy left him Joe stood and scratched his head for some time. The whole thing was a puzzle to him. Had Jonessy known more than he pretended? If so, had Polly told him? And if Polly had, was it at her suggestion that Jonessy had come and told him to go and see her?

"It is ten years since we spoke," he mused with a sad smile, while a mocking bird was singing blithely in a tree close by.

Then suddenly he burst out laughing. "The idea of Polly climbing a tree," he cried. "And me throwing brickbats at her, and she falling—ha-ha-ha!"

But Jonessy walked homeward in quite a different mood. Somehow he felt that his mission had been rather a failure. Still, every once in awhile, a gleam of hope darted upward and he thought that he could see a fee of office afar off.

As he walked along, musing and dreaming, he found himself suddenly face to face with a woman carrying a huge basket on her arm.

"How do you do, Judge?" she cried, cheerily, letting her basket down to the ground. "I was real glad to hear that you were elected."

"Thank you, Polly. I was just thinking about you when you bobbed up," said Jonessy. "Have just been over to see your neighbor, Joe Peterman, and was on my way home with my thoughts full of both of you."

Polly frowned.

"Joe isn't going to have me to court, is he?" she asked.

"Can't say, Polly. I reckon that depends as much on you as on him."

"Well, he had no business coming in through the window like he did," Polly cried. "It served him only right that the window fell down on him like it did and caught him by the leg. Of course, when I grabbed him by the throat to keep him from squalling, and he cut me on the wrist, I was mad enough to kill him. But I kept my temper, and I didn't hurt him any more than I could help," she protested.

"But Joe didn't," Jonessy began.

# "Of course Joe didn't," Jonessy began.

"But, Polly, Joe—"

"That's all right, Jim Jonessy; you have Joe's side of the story, and I am going to tell mine," cried Polly. "After I got him loose I bothered with him all day, and doctored him, and that night, after dark, I carried him in my arms to the fence and set him down on the other side."

"Goodness, Polly, you don't mean to tell me that you carried him in your arms?" Jonessy exclaimed.

"Well, I just did, and I'll swear to it before Joe or anybody."

"I wouldn't do it if I was you," said Jonessy, earnestly. "Why, there isn't a soul in Pineville who would believe you could do it."

"Could do what?"

"Why, carry Joe Peterman in your arms, of course."

"Jim Jonessy, you are a fool!" she cried, very red in the face. "It is Joe's old Dominick rooster I have been talking about."

"Why, yes, of course," stammered Jonessy, in confusion, trying to smile. "I was just teasing you, Polly, knowing that you and Joe were such old friends."

"But did Joe say he was going to take me to court?" she asked.

"Not exactly, but I advised him to go and talk the matter over with you, Say."

# Three Kinds of Kisses.

The kiss was unknown, I think, among the aboriginal tribes of America and of Central Africa, writes Dr. D. G. Breh-

ton, in Science. From the most ancient times, however, it has been familiar to the Asiatic and European races. The

Latin divided it into three forms—the osculum, the basium and the suavi-

um; the first the kiss of friendship and respect, the second of ceremony and the third of love. The Semites also knew the kiss, and Job speaks of it as part of the sacred rites, as it is to-day in the Roman church.

The Mongolian kiss, however, is not the same as that which prevails with us. In it the lips do not touch the surface of the person kissed. The nose is brought into light contact with the cheek, forehead or hand; the breath is drawn slowly through the nostrils, and the act ends with a slight smack of the lips. The Chinese consider our mode of kissing full of coarse suggestiveness, and our writers regard the method with equal disdain. Darwin and other naturalists have attempted to trace back the kiss to the act of the lower animals who seize their prey with their teeth.

Composing Music. Sir Arthur Sullivan discourses interestingly to an interviewer about his methods of work. It appears that there is a vast deal of drudgery and manual labor in the work of musical composition which cannot be avoided or delegated to another—much more than in the case of literary composition. But the two are alike in this, says Sir Arthur, that it is as vain in the one as in the other to "wait for an inspiration." This seems to him very like "a miner seated on the top of a shaft and waiting for the coal to come bubbling up."—New York Evening Post.

Ill-Omened East Wind. There are twenty-two allusions in the Bible to the east wind, nineteen of them being of a disparaging character.

Between the farmer and Uncle Sam, any man who doesn't get a job at marching or following a farm horse in a field, should be married off to some New Woman who will support him.

The lantern that the law compels wheelmen to carry is a sort of legal light.

"I CAN," SAID A MANLY VOICE IN THE DOORWAY.

Polly, you two ought to make up. You take my advice," said Jonessy.

Then Jonessy went one way and Polly went the other, each one busy with many thoughts.

That evening Mrs. Jonessy asked her husband how many fees the new office had brought him.

"This is the first day, you know," he smiled faintly. "I have just been setting the wheels in motion to-day, and the fees will come in after awhile."

The fees when Joe Peterman and Polly May got married," she said, laughing.

Jonessy had accomplished something that day. He had set Joe and Polly thinking about each other. Joe's long, lantern-jawed face, usually sober and solemn, had relaxed into smiles several times, and once he had actually caught himself humming an old song that had lain forgotten for years within him. On the other hand, Polly's round and rosy face, that was supposed to wear a smile even in sleep, was very thoughtful and sad. And while bending above the steam from the fragrant teapot, at the supper table, her eyes seemed filled with unshed tears.

"Poor Joe," she sighed, as she sat down to her lonely meal. "I thought sure that he would get over it and marry some one else, but it seems that he doesn't care any more than I do for anybody, and both of us just persist in being wrong, when only a word from either of us would make things so different."

Just then a cat came in at the open door, and when Polly saw that it limped slightly on one leg she sprang up from the table and caught it in her arms.

"Poor Kitty," she murmured. "I wonder who hurt you? You can't tell, can you?"

"I can," said a manly voice in the doorway, and a moment later Joe entered the room. "Jonessy told me to-day that you intended to sue me for throwing a brickbat at your cat," he said.

Polly eyed her visitor closely for a moment, and seeing that his eyes were upon her supper table instead of upon herself, the hard lines that had come around her lips relaxed into a smile.

"Come in, Joe," she said, gently.

"Will you take a cup of tea with me?" "Then you ain't mad because I crippled your cat?"

"Joe," she cried, trying to look severe, "will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Yes. You ain't mad, Polly?" Polly did not reply, but busied herself refilling the teapot, and making room for him at the table.

When Joe was seated at the table Polly sat down opposite to him and watched him in silence for several minutes.

"So Jim Jonessy has been telling you that I was about to take you to court for crippling my cat, has he?" she said at last. "I met him when he came from your house, and he hinted that you might have me prosecuted because your old Dominick rooster came over here and got himself crippled the other day."

"I never said no such thing, Polly," cried Joe.

"Nor did I," said Polly. "I never mentioned rooster to him."

"And I never said cat."

"I wonder how he found out?" cried Joe.

"I guess our consciences gave it away. When I think of it now, he never said rooster to me until I had told him all about it myself," said Polly, smiling.

"I remember now, that it was the same with me and the cat," said Joe. "I know I wanted to tell you how sorry I was, and it was all I could think of when Jonessy came to see me."

"I am sorry, too, Joe," said Polly. "And I hope you won't think that I done it on purpose."

Somewhat the summer dusk gathered around them, and neither seemed to notice it, as they talked on and on across the table between them. After awhile, however, Polly rose and went to the open door, where Joe followed her.

"Say, Polly," he said, taking her unresisting hand, "I have been sorry for everything all these years; won't you say that you forgive me?"

Polly looked up into his face.

"I have been sorry, too, Joe. Oh! so sorry."

Now, in Pineville, a good many things are dated from the time when Joe Peterman and Polly May got married.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Did Not Recognize Why. The special correspondent of a well known trades paper furnished a most satisfactory laugh awhile ago for a friend of his who lives up in northern New York state, and he does not know it yet. He had gone up the state to visit some mill or other, and the before mentioned friend volunteered to drive him over to his destination. Now, while the special correspondent has a wonderfully general fund of information he knows little about the country, and when they were passing a large cheese factory he exclaimed: "Why, there's a creamery! Just wait a minute while I go in and get a drink of buttermilk."

With this he jumped out of the carriage and entered the building. My country friend says that when he is not pleasant to take and that even the pigs won't eat it. But when the special correspondent asked for buttermilk the people in the factory gave him a big glass of thin, acidulous liquid, which he swallowed down at a draft. The drive was then continued. The special correspondent seemed to be very thoughtful. He finally exclaimed in his explosive fashion:

"Well, Smith, I don't know what breed of cows you raise up here, but that was the damndest buttermilk I ever tasted."—Paper Mill.

Two Steps at a Time. One evidence of the ever bustling characteristics of the average New Yorker is shown on the stairways of the up town station of the elevated railroad at Park place and Church street. The steps of these stairways are covered with rubber, but every other step has large iron rings imbedded in the rubber.

This was caused by the fact that the New Yorker is never content to wait even one minute for a train, and that when he hears one approaching as he is at the foot of the stairs he will rush up the stairs two steps at a time hoping to catch the train.

As a result the elevated railroad officials noticed that the rubber matting on every other step was wearing out twice as quickly as the rest. For a long time they pondered as to the cause, and one day Manager Fransoli solved the problem. To know was to act in his case, and the steel re-enforced rubber now lasts if anything longer than the ordinary mats on the other steps.—New York Sun.

Should be perfectly proportioned a man should weigh 28 pounds for every foot of his height.

Established 1780.

Baker's

Chocolate,

celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known

Yellow Label on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

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RISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup, Throat Good, the Best Lung Tonic. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION.

# A Total Disability Claim on a Man who was Afterward Cu-

ried.

The Monitor, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ont., Canada, first discovered this case two years ago, and published it at length, which now seems, owing to the cure of it, to be a miracle. The facts were so remarkable that many people doubted the truth of them. They said: "It is too remarkable; it cannot possibly be true; the paper is mistaken, and the man, although he may think himself cured, will soon relapse into his former condition," etc., etc. The accuracy of the report called in question, the Monitor determined to find out definitely whether the facts were as stated, and whether the man would really stay cured. They accordingly kept a close watch on the case for two years after the first article appeared, and have just

mouth sufficiently wide to take solid food. The doctors called the disease spinal sclerosis, and all said he could not live.

For three years he lingered in this condition. Then by some friends he was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He took them and there was a slight change. The first thing noted was a tendency to sweat freely. This showed there was some life left in his helpless body. Next came a little feeling in his limbs. This extended, followed by prickling sensations, until at last the blood began to course freely, naturally and vigorously through his body, and the helplessness gave way to returning strength, the ability to walk returned, and he was restored to his old time health.

I am in even better health than when I was first interviewed."

"Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the Monitor.

"Inquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, as had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from the living death. I have since recommended these pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is always in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."

Such is the history of one of the most remarkable cases of modern times. Can any

THE DOMINION MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION  
Toronto, June 16 1892.  
THE DOMINION BANK.  
Pay to Messrs Nelson & Gross Baranians or order  
Twenty hundred and fifty Dollars  
Counter signed Payment of disability claim on policy July 13 1892.  
\$1650.00  
W. H. Nelson & Co. Secy.  
J. H. Hillman Insur.

now published another article about it in which the original reports are completely verified, the cure is permanent, and they publish a fac simile of the check given by the Canadian Mutual Life Association for \$1650.00 amount of total disability claim paid by them to Mr. Petch.

The first account stated that the patient (see address below) had been a paralytic for five years, that there was such a total lack of feeling in his limbs and body, that a pin run full length could not be felt; that he could not walk or help himself at all; for the rest of his life he was not dressed; furthermore, that he was bloated with fat for reason almost unrecognizable, and could not get his clothes on. The paralysis was so complete as to affect the face and prevented him from opening his

mouth sufficiently wide to take solid food. The doctors called the disease spinal sclerosis, and all said he could not live.

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On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said: "You see those hands—their color is natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. Indeed

one day, in the face of such testimony, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not entitled to the careful consideration of any suffering man, woman or child? Is not the case in truth a miracle of modern medicine?

To make the evidence complete we publish above a fac simile of the check received by Mr. Petch from the Canadian Mutual Life Association, being the amount due him for total disability. It is unnecessary to add that this life insurance association did not pay this large amount of money to Mr. Petch, except after the most careful examination of his condition by their medical experts. They must have regarded him as forever incurable.

Mr. Petch's address is as follows: Reuben Petch, Grimsby, Ont., Canada.

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